

Warmth

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Warmth

by [TrueTattoo](#)

Summary

Geralt is upset about a great many things, and as he is in Kaer Trolde, he knows where to go to let off some steam.

Notes

***** As always: Beta'ed by the lovely Embeer2004!!!! *****

Done as a gift fic for the lovely Jackjackaj

There isn't hardly any Crach/Geralt fics, and he is obsessed with him. So I decided to try my hand at it!

It turned out great, and so now I share it with you!

Geralt was angry.

The past week was a giant pile of shit and could go to hell. It had started out good enough. Yennefer and he had found a lead for Ciri, about her appearing in Lofoten. One thing led to another, and he and Yennefer found themselves in Freya's garden. Geralt wished he could say he was shocked at what Yennefer did there, but the dark magic she had called on had upset even him, and the flippant way she had implied he was overreacting sat sour in his gut. He was angry enough that he refused to use the porthole she offered, and she told him to meet up her at the New Port tavern in Kaer Trolde harbor.

The next few days Geralt sailed, alone, in a rickety boat that was barely holding itself together, back to Kaer Trolde. When he got there, Yennefer informed him she wanted to break the bond between them, to see if there really was anything between them. That had stung. Geralt spent the night in the tavern proper, commandeering one of the benches close to a fire. He didn't want to see, nor speak to Yennefer. The bond was alive and well, drawing him to her, as it always was doing, but somewhere in the back of his mind the same little voice that always spoke to him, spoke again: "What if you were free... what then?"

He wouldn't feel guilty, for a start, for going to the whore house to see to his needs. He wouldn't have to see that stupid stuffed unicorn ever again. He wouldn't have to deal with her screeching any time he ran into one of his brothers on the path. He wouldn't have to deal with her double standards and her own sleeping around, which if he were being truly honest about, he didn't give one shit about. His life would be easier...

The morning came, and Yennefer came to him, hung-over; she'd been drinking to her stupidity no doubt. She teleported them to the middle of an island that looked like it had been struck by a meteor before handing Geralt a potion. And then she made him do all the dirty work... yet again, pushing him over board. Several hours of diving in frigid water later, she didn't even give him a chance to get dry before she teleported them up to the top of a god damned mountain, and then made him fight a djinn. He'd thought she was bluffing. He'd thought she found some random rumor of a djinn who accidentally killed its owner before the wish was made, and that it was just stuff and fluff.

He was wrong, and she made the wish to undo his wish. The magic washed over him like a punch in the gut. When he looked over to her there was nothing, just the seething anger that had been building for years. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he didn't want her to figure out exactly how angry he was, so instead he offered to sit with her.

Then she left. She teleported him to the room at the New Port, and then teleported herself and her things straight to Kaer Morhen, leaving him with the instructions of "Find Uma quickly."

Well you know what? Geralt of Rivia was done. He had been searching for both Ciri and Yen for so long now it was slowly becoming a joke in his mind. He'd spent nearly a month here on the islands, jumping from place to place, trying to piece together exactly what had happened to the girl, and he was STILL no closer to finding her than he had been. Now he had no connection to Yennefer, other than one of anger and spite, and the fact that Yennefer

had been the one to cause this WHOLE entire mess by insisting that Ciri be trained as a mage at Aretuza.

And that's what led him here.

He stomped through the Citadel, looking for his one true friend that was still here on the island.

Geralt of Rivia needed a drink, and he wanted his friend to join him.

Geralt had known Crach for a long time. They'd met the day he helped break the curse from Duny, the Urcheon of Erlenwald... who turned out to be Emhyr var Emreis in disguise. After Calanthe had said "ok" to Pavetta marrying Duny, and Duny demanding Geralt invoke the one damned law he'd never intended to invoke, Geralt had stormed from the Cintran castle.

It turns out he wasn't the only one utterly frustrated by the day's events. Crach already had one wife, a fishwife they called her, as she was of peasant stock, and he was the son of a Jarl. He already had a son, and he was getting ready to have a daughter, or so the sages said. His uncle had insisted that he take Pavetta as a second wife because, one, she was said to be an unmatched beauty, two, she was of royal stock and they could strengthen their line, and three? They needed Cintra. They needed a place on the main land that they could bring their wares to that was legit, and where they wouldn't be attacked on sight. Instead Crach's ancient uncle was wooed by Calanthe, and Pavetta was promised to Duny, of whom she was already pregnant, and Crach was left with nothing but a trip far away from home, and his family, and nothing to show for it.

They met at the edge of a broken and disused dock, that by all rights should have been torn down. Crach offered him a drink, and Geralt didn't refuse. One drink led to many. Both of them were frustrated. Both of them needed an outlet. And so Geralt, with no better judgment whatsoever, claimed Crach on those docks. The future Jarl of Ard Skellig was a warm lover, and Geralt was an attentive one. So drunk, they fucked, and continued to get drunk and fuck for several days, till a search party came for Crach, and Geralt had to make himself scarce, due to the fact that he was now a wanted man in Cintra. To hell with Calanthe, and her stupid misguided efforts to waylay him.

That's what had started that.

Geralt didn't get out to the Islands often, and he had really only seen Crach twice since the week in Cintra. Both times, they had drunk themselves stupid; Geralt left with fond stories, and Crach was left with a headache and a grin for weeks. It had never ended like that first time though. Something always held them back, be it Geralt's misguided need to keep himself for Yennefer (a failing battle) or Crach's impossible schedule, he was a Jarl after all.

Geralt walked to the door and knocked, harder than he really meant to, and the bangs echoed through the Citadel. Word had reached Kaer Trolde of Yennefer's exploits, and Cerys, now Queen of the Skellige Isles, was in an emergency meeting to figure out what to do. Crach had retired himself; handed the rule of Ard Skellig over to Hjalmar, but he still had his place at the Citadel. He always would. The guards looked at Geralt in mild annoyance.

“So help me, this better be important!” Geralt heard the man’s bellowing voice. The door flung inward, and Crach blinked.

“Geralt?” Geralt looked up to the large red-headed man, admiring the view. Crach was in a tunic, embroidered with his clan’s black and red boats. His pants were loose, his feet were slippered, and his broad shoulders were covered by a bear fur blanket. His eyes searched Geralt’s for a moment, their watery color catching the fire and turning them gold. Suddenly all the anger Geralt had harbored till that moment, flooded out, and in its place settled a keen melancholy.

“You look like hell.” Crach shook his head and scowled, looking Geralt up and down. “No, you look like you have been taken to hell by way of the sea. Come in, Geralt.”

Geralt pushed his way inside and beelined for the fire. He was still damp, and ice and salt water laced its way through him, and he only just now realized how cold he was as he sat down in front of the fire on the heated stones.

“Your woman is in huge trouble, Geralt.” Crach said, looking over to Geralt, who was hunched in front of the fire; the ice laced in his beard slowly melting and sending water onto the floor.

“She isn’t my woman.” Geralt hissed, his teeth now chattering. “She apparently... n... never was.”

“That isn’t...” Crach paused... and looked down to Geralt who still was staring pointedly into the fire. “Let’s get you out of those damp clothes... hold on... I’ll call for a bath. You will catch your death, Geralt; witcher or not, you can still get pneumonia.”

Geralt snorted. His fingers were stiff, nearly frozen. Yennefer had him out in the elements all day, and didn’t do anything to ease his discomfort. He had climbed his way up the long path to the keep, and night was falling. He was still damp from the ocean waters. Snow was falling by the time he reached the top, and the only thing driving him on was apparently his anger at the woman. Now taking stock of himself, it would have been wiser to stop at the inn, dry off a little, and then make the journey, but he didn’t want to be reminded of her any more than possible.

He heard Crach behind him, ordering his men to bring in a large tub of water and his special salts. Geralt was just trying to get his fingers to work the latch on his baldric when Crach’s large hand rested over his. It was like touching an inferno. Geralt hissed, and Crach held his hands steady.

“Geralt, whatever that woman did to you, it is not worth killing yourself over. Not like this anyway.” Geralt looked up to the bearded man and frowned.

“’s not like that.” Geralt shuddered as feeling began to come back to his fingers, and in its wake, pain. “She had me out in the ocean... a... all day. Th-then took me to a mountain... h-had me f-fight...”

“Hush, still yourself, we shall talk when you are warm.” Crach removed his hands from Geralt’s and began to quickly divest him of his armor; his beautiful armor that was full of ice and salt, and dirt... and looked... Geralt frowned, the anger coming back. He liked that armor! And Yennefer had made him swim in it! He wasn’t sure now if the shuddering was from anger or cold, but he began to help Crach in getting his ruined armor off. It was a process because ice had sealed several of the buckles firmly shut.

While Crach and Geralt struggled with his armor, some servants brought in the tub and began to fill it with steaming water from the natural hot spring that ran under the citadel. Geralt could smell the lithium and sulfur, and his body shuddered with the need to be in the water as soon as possible. Finally his armor was off, and Crach sent it to the palace armorer to be cleaned, oiled, and refitted. Geralt smiled slightly, and then slowly took off his underclothes. He draped his tunic, his socks, and his braies in front of the fire to dry, and then ungracefully stumbled over to the tub. His feet were frozen too. Geralt heard the door shut as he hissed and lowered himself slowly into the water. He was so cold that even the lightly heated water felt scalding to his skin.

“Didn’t know I was getting a show!” Crach boomed. Geralt turned and made a face.

“Shut up. And what are you doing?” Geralt watched as Crach began to strip off his light tunic, and his pants.

“It’s honestly colder than a witch’s tit in here, Geralt.” Crach said, turning. Geralt raised a brow. He wasn’t called the sea boar for nothing. He was thick; most of it was muscle, but there was enough fat there to make him soft, and enough to make his ass... Geralt spun and sat himself in the water. He frowned. That was new... ish....

Geralt looked down through the water and realized that even his dick was too cold to do much of anything at the moment, and he sighed. Small miracles. His musings were interrupted when Crach slid in beside him, the water rising and it set Geralt to hissing against the heat yet again, as it hit cold flesh.

“Don’t be a babe, Geralt.”

Geralt shot a look of ire to him. Crach laughed and bodily picked Geralt up, causing his limbs to flail.

“Come now, a warm bath and body heat is what you need.” Crach sat him right between his legs and surrounded him with his large arms. Geralt realized how cold he actually was when Crach’s body was warmer than the water. He shuddered. His training overtook his comfort for a moment as he allowed his body to relax into Crach’s hold. They lay there for several minutes, Geralt’s body finally beginning to adjust and warm.

“Do me a favor, Geralt.” Crach asked. Geralt made a humming noise. He was feeling fuzzy as his body began to repair the tissue he had damaged in the cold.

“Heat the damned tub or I am likely to freeze my arse off.” Crach growled. “You witchers can do that right?”

Geralt flexed his fingers in the water and cast Igni. He groaned as he felt the water heating.

“Gotta tell me when, cause I can’t tell at the moment.” Geralt said, holding the stream of magic steady. The water began to steam, and Crach smiled, his body slipping a little bit further into the tub.

“Yeah, that’s the ticket, there... yeah.”

Geralt fell back against Crach. The man made a good pillow and he found himself soaking up the heat from both his body, and the water. He felt the larger man shift, and then smelled alcohol.

“Got it warmed up, Ard Skellig single malt with honey, goes down sweet, but will kick you right in the rocks if you don’t keep a careful eye.” He handed Geralt a tankard, not a small shot but an entire glass. Geralt smirked.

“Now that you aren’t go’ne freeze to death, tell me Geralt, what happened?”

Geralt took a moment to down half the glass and groaned at the feel of the warm alcohol lighting his insides with its blessed false heat. He could feel the wince from the man behind him as he downed the alcohol. He felt the large warm hand on him once again as he placed his tankard in a bucket that was floating in the tub for just such a reason.

“To understand what happened today, I have to start at the beginning.” Geralt sighed. He looked back at Crach who was taking a sip from his own tankard, giving him a ‘Well go on’ look.

They sat in the tub for a long time as Geralt explained what had happened. Maybe... Maybe he hadn’t ever really told anyone what happened. Dandelion knew what happened, because he was there for most of it, but... the more Geralt thought about it, the more he realized he had only spoken to his poet friend, and then occasionally years ago, the vampire Regis. It felt good, and half way through the telling, Crach’s large hands had found his shoulders, and started working knots out of them Geralt didn’t realize he had been harboring. Now, as he finished his tale, his hands and feet were warm and pink and the feeling in them had returned. He heated the tub once again with Igni.

“I am sorry you went through all that just to have it end the way it did.” Crach said, his voice thick with emotion. “For her to do that to ya... it’s wrong.”

“Yeah it was, but it’s not the worst that’s been done to me by far.” Geralt growled into his empty tankard. Crach took it from him, and filled it once again from the small barrel beside the tub. Geralt grunted his thanks.

“Wa’bout you?” Geralt asked and took another swig of the whiskey.

“I... was one of the folks you mentioned in the story.” Crach winced when Geralt tilted his head. “Yennefer came to me looking for Ciri, demanded a fleet of ships... it was... well...”

“Let me guess, she charmed you by bringing up old promises, promises you had made that she had no business knowing, then she played at being alone and afraid, and you found a connection...”

“Matila... we had a... row.” Crach winced and put his hand behind his head. “We had lost poor Sorchia, She got the wasting flu, and she was gone before we could blink. Matila and her, they were thick as thieves, more each other’s wives, than I was their husband. With just me and her, we could never find a true common ground. She died a winter and a half back, lost at sea, doing what she loved. But at any rate, we had a row, and I was feeling lonely... and...”

“Yennefer took advantage of it.”

Crach sighed, his shoulders slumping.

“It’s been lonely, Geralt.” Crach said. “I have the choice pick of any wench on my island, but...”

“It’s not the same, is it?” Geralt asked lowly as Crach looked up into his eyes. “Even with Yennefer, it’s hard... or it was hard. I could break her easily, spells or no spells. And I loved her, god I did. But... I didn’t understand her. There was a spark, lust. But... what I needed was more... so much more. And she would never let her guard down enough for me to see her, to see how she truly was.”

“And then when you confessed everything, when you finally got the nerve to actually do something about it, to let them know what you want... To let them know how much they meant to you...” Crach took a sip of liquor, his voice harsh. “They just spit on your face, make you feel like you owe them something.”

“Yeah...”

There was silence for a time, and Geralt quickly felt himself falling into brooding thoughts.

“I miss the early days, before I knew what a wretched place this world is.” Crach sighed, leaning back against the lip of the tub, his great arms splayed.

Geralt looked at him, really looked at him, and how defeated he looked. He didn’t like it. Crach was strong. Brave. Scourge of the seas. Now he looked broken, lost. Forlorn. A warm wash of empathy flittered through Geralt. Empathy, and something else. Geralt tilted his head and narrowed his eyes. He turned himself in the tub and reached for Crach’s ankle. Maybe, just maybe Geralt could do something about that. Put some of the fire back in the man. Make him feel like he was worth it, that this was all worth it. He waited for the whip crack that always went through his mind when he started to drift, started to think of another. His hand was hovering above Crach’s ankle below the water’s surface. He waited, and when nothing came he moved forward softly and touched Crach’s ankle. There was a slight jerk, and Geralt could see his muscled legs tense, but there was no rejection. Geralt smiled and began tracing his fingers along the thick chords of tendons and muscles, slowly moving upwards. Crach, other than the small shudders playing through his muscles, hadn’t moved an inch.

“What are you doing, Geralt?” His voice was sad, despondent.

“You know what I miss, Crach?” Geralt purred as his fingers traced along Crach’s kneecap. “I miss Cintra.”

He didn’t wait for a verbal response. He shifted himself to his knees and kissed Crach’s kneecap softly. Crach instantly sat upright, his eyes locking with Geralt’s, the firelight catching his eyes. He was frowning. Geralt felt a half smile grace his lips and allowed his pupils to widen just slightly. Crach blinked when Geralt leaned down again, and placed another soft kiss on his knee, then another on his thickly muscled thigh. The muscles jumped beneath Geralt’s chapped lips. He grinned and couldn’t help it as his tongue darted out and he tasted the man’s skin. He heard Crach take in a breath. His skin was clean, and tasted of the lithium in the water.

“Then what you miss is a spry young lad with nothing to lose and everything to gain.” Crach said, his voice bitter as Geralt kissed his thigh again, inching closer to his body. “You miss an ill spent youth, needing to get his rocks off so he wouldn’t go on a rampage. Before you now sits a man, doddering and old, with aches and pains, and grown-up children. Gray in his hair and beard...”

“You’re only forty three, Crach.” Geralt grinned. “I am pushing a hundred... May actually be there already, my years have been a blur recently.”

“You don’t miss Cintra, Geralt.” Crach sighed, pulling his leg away from Geralt’s wandering mouth. Geralt spun to him, pinning Crach to the side of the tub. Anger flashed through his eyes and Crach frowned up at him. Geralt could see it now, the blush across his cheeks wasn’t purely the fault of the alcohol.

“For once in my life it seems, ‘I’ can decide what I do or don’t want.” Geralt growled, emphasizing his words. “And you know what, Crach? I want you.”

Geralt saw the hitch in his breathing. He could smell the arousal coming off the man, and if Geralt looked down he was almost certain he would be erect. But Crach turned away, his face a mask of pain. Geralt frowned and released him nearly instantly. His breathing was heavy, Geralt could hear his heartbeat, his strong island built heart rate was climbing slowly, and his body was heating. He wanted this... Geralt felt like a fish out of water, and he looked at Crach with a studying eye.

“I... have often thought of Cintra...” Geralt blinked as Crach shut his eyes, and his hands balled into fists. “I... At first, it was supposed to be like any other fling... one fuck... and then... I didn’t even want to admit it to myself... We spent nearly a week in the wilds of Cintra, Geralt. You sparred with me, fucked me, and hunted with me. I have never in my life, before or since, done something that felt so... right. I kept second guessing myself, but then that internal smirk of yours, and the challenges you kept baiting me with would crumble my defenses, and before long I was at your mercy once again.”

Geralt listened intently, noting how Crach’s heart was speeding up further, and his scent, washed away by the soap, started to smell of stress. Fear...

“When we had to part, you did so with a grin and fondness.” Crach continued, his eyes open now and looking at the fire. “I had to go home to Matila. Hjalmar had just turned three, the little brat, and Cerys had been born not a month before I left for Cintra. When I got there, things just felt off, like I was missing something important. It started with little things. I would be out at sea... see something amazing, a mermaid with a twin tail, the albino whale that sings on our shores come summer... and I would find myself immediately thinking ‘Geralt would like that’. It happened so much in my mind that I began to voice it at home. Get a good sword, ‘Oh, I bet Geralt would want to take a swing with this’. Get new armor, ‘Wonder what he would think of this?’”

“Finally one day, Matila had heard enough of it.” Crach smiled and laughed, but it was morose. “She said ‘Why don’t you go marry the witcher for your second wife, you’re so fond o’ him!’ It threw me. I laughed it off, and then went to survey our clan’s lands. I began to think as I traveled, alone, and it hit me on a cool night at some ruins outside of Arinbjorn. I looked up at the sky, and I thought ‘Damn, I would love to have that stupid witcher here with me now’. A week Geralt, a single week, and it led to two years of confusion, and when I came to the realization that I had actually fallen for you, I was alone, in the middle of nowhere, looking at the stars and thinking of you.”

Geralt looked at Crach as he turned to regard him. Suddenly Geralt knew what he saw in those eyes. Pain, years of it, caused, unwittingly by him. Crach was in love with him, had been for some time... Geralt sunk into the water.

“That wasn’t even the half of it.” Crach all but snarled, his hands working at the air. “I knew I could never have you Geralt. I knew it. Even then the stories of your sordid affair with Yennefer were rife and easy pickings. And Bran, Bran was starting to show early signs of ill health. I tried to forget it, tried to ignore it. I took a second wife, because I couldn’t escape you, even in the most sacred of places. I became paranoid that someone would find out, that I would be roast on a spit because I loved a witcher, because I was a freak. I had the clan to think of, my family to think of. So I put you out of my mind, and threw myself into raiding and assisting King Bran. I saw you six years later, right after Pavetta and Duny had died. Relations with Cintra were strained, and I hadn’t seen my niece or aunt in months. I thought maybe you had brought tidings of them, but no, you had taken a long summer path to the islands to pick up some extra coin.”

“You hadn’t changed, not one bit; it was like seeing a ghost of the past.” Crach said. “I held off then, made excuses, tried not to be alone with you at any point in time because I knew I wouldn’t be able to resist. Tried as I did to protect my heart, the second I saw you the walls came crumbling as if they were made of sand.”

“Two more times you made the journey and the same was said, and now... a final third.” Crach looked at Geralt. “And now... I am old. I thought myself well beyond this... but I am not.”

Geralt flexed his hands and looked to Crach. He wasn’t good with this. Wasn’t good with words, wasn’t good with emotions... Or was he? Had all that self-doubt just been instilled by Yennefer as a way to manipulate him? On the path you had to shield yourself, otherwise you would turn neurotic, and lose your mind. But now?

“I am not good with this, Crach, and I am going to fuck it up.” Geralt said, his lips twitching downwards. “I don’t... I mean... I know what love is, but I... I want...”

Crach raised his eyebrows. Geralt snorted, his shoulders hunching. He tried to formulate what he wanted to say, tried to get the words right in his head before he tripped over them. But he couldn’t. Frustration built up, and Crach watched him patiently. Finally the weight of what Geralt wanted to say, began to flutter out in jumps and starts.

“I... I can’t say it, Crach. I don’t have the right words. Never have. I... please...” Geralt approached the larger man. “I need to make you understand how much you’re needed, how strong you are... I have to show with action... have to... do it with touch...”

Geralt winced and raised his hand.

“Show me then, Geralt.” Geralt’s eyes went wide. Elation went through him. A strong pull of elation and an emotion that was new. One he didn’t have a name for. He had been given permission, and a stark yearning went through him as he placed his hands carefully on Crach’s chest. Crach sucked in an audible breath, his expression hidden somewhat by his beard.

Not fragile, not going to break.

Geralt started slow, running his hands along Crach’s chest, his eyes were lidded heavily as his fingers ran through the coarse hair. Strength radiated from the man, strength and heat. He watched Crach’s expression as his hands traveled along his chest and stomach, and found him staring at Geralt, trepidation and confusion at war with the lust that was radiating off him in waves. Geralt leaned down, and began to kiss the trails of damp that traveled down the larger man’s skin. He tasted him, tested him, and most of all Geralt smelled him. Kisses turned to nips as he traveled upwards, biting along the divot between Crach’s pectoral muscles.

When he felt Crach’s arms move and find his hips, Geralt knew his message was getting through. He doubled his efforts, and began to nip along Crach’s collarbone, kissing when he nipped hard enough that Crach took in a breath. Soft and hard. Geralt was claiming Crach. He was claiming him as a witcher, like a witcher. When Geralt moved to his neck Crach bucked upwards, and Geralt felt his length brush against his stomach. Geralt felt his own twitch in kind, but not yet, he could wait. He snaked his hand up and carded it through the red beard, and allowed it to rest just below Crach’s ear as he began to bite, and finally to suck bruises into Crach’s skin. Crach’s grip became iron and bruising on his hips, his breath was hitching, and finally as Geralt hit his ear, Crach let off a low and rumbling moan.

Geralt growled in turn, leaning his ear behind and shifting his grip. He carded his hands through Crach’s beard, wondering at its texture tempered by the sea air, and then he ran his fingers along his temples and watched as Crach’s pupils dilated. He ran his hands through Crach’s hair, slicking back the somewhat damp mass and Crach’s eyes lidded softly. Geralt directed his head and leaned down.

He touched Crach’s head softly with his own, and watched as long red eyelashes fluttered closed. He rested there for a moment, breathing in, taking in the man and his scent, taking in the feel of his body below him. Then he softly moved once again, letting his lips brush the

man's brows, and trailing his lips down till they were cheek to cheek. He nuzzled against Crach. At first Crach did nothing. Geralt waited, pushing just a touch more force into the move, and allowing the whiskers on Crach's cheek to tickle his nose.

When Crach removed his hands from Geralt's hips, Geralt panicked. Shit... maybe... Maybe it was too much, too soon?

The low rumble and the sudden pressure against Geralt's cheek caused a strange electric jolt in his throat that made his eyes water. Slowly, and without practice, Crach began to return the movements. Geralt moved against him, arching against his chest as Crach nuzzled his cheek, and then began trailing kisses along Geralt's jaw. Large hands cupped his head and he could feel Crach's finger's lacing through his hair. This was familiar, Geralt knew this, knew how to react to this. Like coming home. He moved, bringing their foreheads back into contact, their noses touching. Geralt tilted his head and could feel Crach's breath, warm and smelling of honey.

Geralt kissed him softly. It was just a brush, a soft pressure. It was a promise, the promise of more, the promise to stop. It was a promise, soft and simple. He pulled away and watched as Crach's pink tongue darted out to catch the taste left on his mustache, an animal reaction, one that crossed species' boundaries. He looked up at Geralt, with his hands still carded in Geralt's hair, and Geralt's still holding his cheeks.

His mouth parted, his body relaxed, and Geralt knew it for what it was.

"Geralt..."

This time he didn't hold back. Their lips crashed together with a bruising intensity. Geralt pulled Crach's hair and suddenly wanted to taste every inch of the man. He found his neck once again, licking and sucking at the artery just below the surface. It was fluttering along his tongue madly, and Crach groaned. Geralt trailed his hand downwards, stopping momentarily to pinch Crach's nipple.

"Fuck!" Geralt grinned against his neck and attacked him once again. His hand trailed lower, over the firm surface of Crach's stomach. He had a shipper's build, muscled, but encased in a lifesaving layer of fat, that spoke of his health. Geralt felt like a wraith in comparison. He grinned and pulled away, watching as his hand enclosed Crach's cock, and gave it a good firm squeeze. Crach groaned. Geralt stroked it and Crach's hips bucked upwards.

"Geralt... you are a foul bastard you know that?" Geralt grinned showing his teeth as his eyes flashed in the firelight. Crach's eyes widened. Before, Geralt had held back. He was in Cintra, a wanted man. He didn't need a young upstart Jarl causing problems, so he kept a firm check on his mutations, but now. He growled, grabbing the back of Crach's neck, and squeezed. Crach arched up as Geralt used his other hand to stroke Crach firmly.

"Am I now..." Geralt hissed, leaning forward so his lips were just barely touching Crach's. "Let's see how much of a 'foul bastard' I can be."

He kissed him brutally. His tongue warred against Crach's, the taste of the honeyed scotch still thick in their mouths. He reveled in the feeling of Crach thrusting against his hand, and

he finally arched up against him, his own cock taking the place of his thumb. Crach cried out into their mouths, and Geralt bit his lip. Geralt could smell it now. Arousal, true, and male, and every bit as intoxicating as he remembered it being from his early days. It flooded him. He clutched at himself and Crach, and pushed against him.

“Geralt... if you don’t stop... I...”

“Bed.” Geralt growled the command. “Bed now.”

He pulled himself away and stood up. Crach was reeling from the sudden lack of contact. He looked up at Geralt, somewhat forlorn.

“You have oil, yes?”

“Just blade oil, over there, by my workbench.” Geralt stepped from the tub as Crach began to haul himself upright. He grabbed the bottle and uncorked it. He gave it a sniff. It was just mineral oil. He grinned. Perfect for blades of all kinds.

When he turned Crach was drying himself off with a towel. Geralt put the oil on the bed stand, then approached Crach.

He took the towel away from him in a swift movement.

“Geralt, I would....”

Geralt glared up at him and began to towel him dry, slowly. He ran the soft terrycloth surface over every inch of Crach reverently, going from shoulders, to hands, and from hips to feet. Crach was watching him, his finger brought up to his mouth. His cock twitched as Geralt began to dry it off as well. Crach made a small noise and a small bead of precum appeared on his tip. Geralt smirked and with a swift movement he licked it off. The taste lit up his senses as Crach took an involuntary step backwards.

“You taste... you taste of the sea before a storm.” Geralt purred, pulling himself upright, and using the same towel to dry himself off. Crach was frozen as he did so. His eyes trailing as Geralt ran the towel down his chest and to his cock. Geralt saw his pupils blow wide, and he dropped the towel, stroking his own length. Crach licked his lips, and then looked up to Geralt. The blush that passed his cheeks was glorious, and Geralt drank in the sight.

“You’re about as red as your beard, Crach. Like what you see?”

Crach sputtered. Geralt approached, his eyes catching the light.

“No, I don’t need you to say it, I can smell it, taste it on the air.” Geralt grabbed Crach’s head and pulled him down into a fierce kiss. He backed him into the bed and Crach’s knees gave out on him. Geralt followed him over.

He began to kiss down his neck, and began to kiss his chest.

“I am not a damned woman Ger---ahhh!” His name lengthened Geralt grinned and bit Crach’s nipple. His back arched and Geralt could feel the roll of the man’s muscle beneath

the surface of his skin. Geralt released the small nub and Crach fell back into the bed, boneless.

“I am going to treat you right, you’re not a women, no, but there are so many different pleasures out there...” Geralt grabbed Crach’s balls and gave them a firm squeeze, tugging just a little. Crashed hissed, and Geralt chuckled.

He stopped gathering the oil from the bedside table. He coated his fingers in it and Crach looked at him through half lidded eyes. He grinned as he laced his fingers downward, first slicking over Crach’s length in a long and languid stroke. Another small push of precum dripped from the tip. Then he moved his fingers downwards, fondling his balls, and enjoying the feeling as they tensed and pulled against him. Crach was panting, and his body was heating up. Geralt shuddered, and he felt his control on his mutations finally slip. His eyes blew open, and heat flooded his cheeks and ears as he moved his hand downwards. When he felt his fingers land home, Geralt let out a soft growl. It was taking a feat of personal strength to not just move straight into ploughing the man.

Crach’s body arched and he widened his legs eagerly. Geralt smirked. He wanted this, and Geralt was going to show him how amazing he really was. A small thought began to lace its way into Geralt’s mind as he pressed his first finger against the tight pucker of Crach’s ass. He began to move it, slowly; coating the inside with the blade oil all the while he was watching him, watching his reactions. Men, men were different. They always were, and now that Geralt was free, he was drinking in the sight like a man dying of thirst. Women were open with their expressions, almost surprised, but men... they held themselves differently, held themselves behind a veil. Crach was no different. He had closed his eyes, and his body had stilled.

Geralt drank in the subtleties like water, watching the twitch on his cheek, the intake of breath, the tightening and relaxing against his finger as he massaged the area. He pulled out and slowly added a second. Preparation for a man could be done quickly, especially if he wanted to get fucked right then and there; a swipe of oil and you were ready to go, but Geralt wanted to show Crach, wanted to show him a pleasure beyond a simple fuck. He wanted to watch, as he slowly built the man up, and broke through to him, tearing down his veil. He began to crook his fingers backwards, while placing his thumb on his perineum. Crach groaned and his hips swiveled. He worked at his prostate, watching as Crach began to move slowly into the subtle movements. He was leaking now. Liberally. Each swipe of his finger against Crach’s prostate caused another small drip of liquid.

Geralt’s cock was aching now. His slow teasing of Crach was driving him into madness. He was so focused on his teasing that when Crach lurched forwards, and grabbed Geralt, the witcher startled. Crach kissed him fiercely. Geralt felt himself growling, and then he called out when Crach bit his lip.

“If you do not fuck me, Geralt, I swear to Freya, I...”

Geralt pushed him over, and it was Crach’s turn to startle. He positioned himself over Crach, and he growled. Lust was overtaking him. Lust. The need to claim the man below him, make him scream. The bite on his lip was bruising and the pain intermixed with everything else. He

grabbed Crach's leg and positioned himself. Crach for his part was still stunned at the show of strength.

Geralt let off a guttural hiss as Crach arched against him. He pushed forward and felt resistance, but only for a moment before Crach relaxed and let him in. Geralt sunk his cock into the warm oiled hole and sighed. Crach hissed against the movement, and Geralt knew it probably stung. He hesitated, waiting. He wanted Crach to feel good. He began to pull out slowly, then pushed back in equally as slow. This time he felt Crach relaxing. The feeling against his cock was exquisite; the squeezing, as he pushed, sent a bolt of pleasure straight through Geralt.

"Move... please..." Geralt's eyes snapped open. Crach was reaching for him. Geralt froze when Crach stroked his face, and something warm and deep took hold of him. The way his eyes were looking at him, the young unsure man he had been with all those years ago was still there. The years were falling away, and Geralt felt something small spark, and spit. Something new. Something natural.

"Begging, huh?" Geralt pulled his hips back slowly, then slammed them forwards. The reaction from Crach was electrifying. His legs flexed, his hands gripped at the covers of the bed. Geralt grinned, and did it again. Crach cried out. The sound, the sound was music to Geralt's ears, and he began to move. Geralt set a steady pace, and was lost in the feeling. He loved the play of Crach's skin against his. He loved the feel of Crach's cock brushing against his stomach as the larger man tried to get friction on it. He loved the smell, two bodies together, heating up the cold of the room. Crach began to moan, and he began to thrash.

"Oh... fuck." Crach snarled. "Please... god damnit witcher... fuck me... I won't break!"

Geralt couldn't wait any longer, instinct flooded him, and he grabbed Crach's hips. Crach startled when Geralt lifted him with no effort, and shoved several pillows under him. It was all the warning Crach got before Geralt, driven now by lust and instinct, began to truly fuck him.

He pounded against Crach, the angle brushing against the man's prostate with every thrust. Burning, beautiful fire began to twist through Geralt. Red and wonderful.

"You like being fucked; you like being used like this, don't you Crach?" Geralt purred as he increased his strength, pushing the man under him. Crach's reaction to Geralt's words was a garbled cry. Geralt felt Crach's cum shoot forward, coating them both stickily. He hadn't touched him. Hadn't touched his cock. Geralt grinned as Crach pulsed around him.

"Oh, you think you're done, do you? Well, I have news for you." Geralt hissed and increased his pace even more.

"Fuck... Fuck you, Geralt. Ahhhh!" Crach arched his back as Geralt pounded into him. "Do your worst... I... I can... take it."

"ARRRGHHHHH!!!!!!!" Geralt let himself go. He rutted into Crach, his cock thrumming with the movement he only usually managed to use on his Wolf School brothers. He grabbed

ahold of Crach's hips, and slammed into him, his mouth open and his small fangs exposed. Crach was lost. His eyes were rolling back in his head as he howled and keened.

"Yes... Show me Crach... let go." Geralt leaned down, moving his hands from Crach's hips. He leaned on his chest with one hand, and the other he wrapped around Crach's cock. The reaction was instant, and Geralt howled against Crach as the man tensed around him. It was beyond anything Geralt had ever experienced with a human. It was raw, debauched. He wanted to taste him, he wanted to clean him with his tongue. Geralt felt the orgasm approaching quickly as Crach began to bear down on him.

Crach screamed, his body locking tight as another load of slightly less thick cum shot from his cock and painted him from chin to chest. The smell, the feel, everything, it was too much and Geralt felt his nails digging into Crach's chest as an orgasm began to wash over him in fierce waves. It felt amazing. Freeing in a way he hadn't experienced in years. His whole world shattered as his cock began to pulse cum inside of Crach. He shuddered against him as the last of the orgasm washed through him, making him shiver from his shoulders to his toes.

The smell was thick, and it smelled absolutely intoxicating. Geralt pulled out of Crach, and began to slowly lick and savor the cum that had splashed between them. Crach moaned, he was shuddering as Geralt's tongue traveled around his body. Crach's eyes were wide, and he was twitching. Geralt grinned when he finished with his body. There was one place he wanted to get to. One that was sure to have Crach squirming.

With a strong set of hands, he lifted Crach's hips. He nuzzled his balls, licking them and smelling them. Geralt's world was narrowed to smell and taste as he licked down Crach's taint, and finally made contact with his asshole. He was leaking with Geralt's seed. Geralt grinned, and then groaned as he allowed his tongue to taste the liquid. Sure enough, Crach shuddered.

"Geralt..." Geralt couldn't hear him. He was drunk. Drunk with the post-orgasm bliss, and drunk with the taste of himself on Crach's salty skin. He allowed his tongue to dance around Crach's asshole, cleaning up the leftover oil and cum. Then he dove forward. His tongue pushed open his hole, and Geralt groaned as he smothered himself between Crach's muscled legs. He sucked, and licked, getting every bit of the liquid he could reach out of Crach, and groaning at the taste. He was hard again, hard and wanting. He began to stroke himself as he worked at Crach, and before long, he felt the telltale draw of Crach's balls as his own cock began to stir back to life. He grinned to himself as he stroked himself lazily, letting his tongue dart in and out of Crach, and then finally began to toy yet again with the man's prostate with the strong appendage.

Geralt moaned when a strong hand grabbed his hair.

"You filthy fuck." Crach hissed, his eyes blown wide once again, and his body shaking. Geralt didn't have the chance to retort before Crach's mouth was crushed to his.

"Again?" Geralt panted, when they separated.

"Again."

“Turn over...”

They made love slowly that night, and fast, and Geralt licked Crach clean every time. Finally, Crach could stir no more, and Geralt finally felt truly sated for the first time in a long time. He ended up snuggled into the larger man’s armpit, enjoying the smell, and feeling satisfaction for a job well done. Crach was glowing, relaxed, but he would certainly be feeling this in the morning. Geralt smiled, that warm feeling crushing into him once more.

A rumbling hoarse voice broke him out of his thoughts.

“Thank you, Geralt, for everything.” Geralt looked up and Crach was smiling, a soft expression plastered across his face. Something deep inside Geralt fluttered.

“No need for thanks.” Geralt said, snuggling back down, trying to work out what exactly he was feeling. A pair of large hands grabbed his chin and pulled him to his chest. Geralt startled, and then that warm feeling surrounded him as Crach brought their heads together.

“I will be there for you, Geralt, I will fight for you. We will find Ciri, and to hell with whoever gets in our way.”

Geralt felt his chest tighten at the words. He looked at Crach, unsure of what he was supposed to do, what he was supposed to say.

“Ok.” The words seemed inadequate. Geralt’s eyes closed as Crach kissed him softly, first on the lips, and then on the forehead. Then large arms encased him and he felt warm... safe.

“For this night, and for any other night you can tolerate it, you have me.” Crach rumbled, his voice reverberating through Geralt. “Till the end of things.”

“Till the end of things, Crach.” Geralt said, nuzzling into Crach’s warm chest. “Till the end of things.”

Geralt felt his body relaxing, and for the first time in a long time, he settled into sleep; dreamless and deep. Surrounded by the safe smell of his new, and old lover.

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